The Fall of the Drake Family Epilogue

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Submitted: August 7, 2021
Updated: August 7, 2021

Another commission by the guy that commissioned the original story.
This time it's only a little epilogue about the actual end of the Drake Family.

There are some aspects of incest and findom btw

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http://www.hentai-foundry.com/stories/user/Skiddely/51607/The-Fall-of-Drake-Family-Epilogue

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1 - The Epilogue Part 1

He was broken. His mind shattered by the embarrassment, the humiliation and the punishment he suffered at the hands of the girl he once thought he loved.
There was a time when he had dreams of them being together, living as partners, as husband and wife somewhere far away, their pure love binding them together until death do them apart.

He could feel the wet, gooey texture of his own pathetic cum smeared against his face, his blown out boy hole gaping as his punished prostate forced him dribble even more of his worthless seed onto the dirty marble floor, his hazy eyes glazed over by a cloud of shivering, orgasmic pleasure.

It seemed as though reality had been replaced by a world of unending humiliation and pleasure, a sweet nightmare, or horrible daydream that didn't seem quite real, that made him question whether what he was experiencing was truly reality or just a conjured illusion.

The sharp clacking sound of tiny, sharpened stiletto heels broke through the silence that was otherwise only accentuated by the dripping sound of cum, dribbling out of his useless, broken cock.

"Nathan…" the soft, honeyed voice of the devil whispered into his ear, the hotness of her breath misting around his head, filling him up, commanding and controlling him.
"Nathan… wake up…" she said, her tone soft and sweet.

"I said wake up!" she commanded, grabbing his messed up, tussled hair, her fingers digging into it, coating them in the filthy semen he had collapsed in earlier.
His eyes slowly opened, still hazy from the sexual punishment he just experienced. Emily's beautiful, angelic face was smiling down at him, the warm, content smile that she had always worn when she was with him.

"There you go. Good boy." She purred, still holding his head up by his messed up, tangly hair.

"Look at you, all dirty and covered in this filthy goo…" She murmured, her disarming smile not fading for a second.
"Did you think this would be how you'd end up when you met me back then? Did you think you'd end up a broken little toy for me to play with? A damaged plaything that no one else would ever be able to fix?" she giggled wryly.

"I still remember when we first met. When you really met me, not the person I pretended to be, but the one I really am. The one I showed you down in that basement when I put you in the cage." Her eyes seemed to lose her focus, shifting as though she was remembering a memory long gone.

"How cute you looked in there, all naked and defenseless, you're tiny, useless dicklet swinging between your legs, begging to be stepped on. How we punished you with the cattle prod when you didn't submit. How you first slurped up that disgusting bowl of nasty cum like a good little doggie. How I first turned you into a cum eating faggot loser…" she reminisced with a soft smile.

“I’m sure it tasted nice and salty, didn’t it? Nasty, old, gooey cum mixed together with thick, chunky yoghurt just for your enjoyment. How did it feel when you eagerly gulped it down? Did it clog your cute little throat? Did you gag as the salty semen filled your mouth? Or did you maybe enjoy it, just a little bit?” she asked, her eyes now level with his, her piercing stare penetrating his very being down to the core.

“We brainwashed you into being a eager little semen slurping, slut boy. But it didn’t take much to turn you into one, didn’t it? You were always destined to be a cum loving faggot for thick dicks. I just helped you turn into what you were always meant to be. Look at yourself. You’re loving this aren’t you? Look at your broken dick, dribble.”
It was true. It was undeniable.

As she recounted the events that led to his inevitable downfall, he couldn’t hold on any longer. His cock hungry asshole gaped and clenched as his sensitive prostate contracting and pulsating as he spurted rope after rope of watery, useless, sterile seed onto the harsh, unforgiving marble floor, coating his legs and thighs in the wasteful, gooey substance.

“We rearranged your cute little guts didn’t we… The first time you lost your anal virginity was when we fisted your boy hole, when we massaged that little pleasure spot of yours from the inside… It was the perfect way to break your cocklet; to teach you that you would never have to get erect again; that you would finally be free from the shackles of manhood. You were a good little cum slurping cock sleeve now.” Her brows narrowed as she spoke, ignoring the steady dribble of watery cum dripping down his broken clitty.

“Did you enjoy what we did to your mother? Did you maybe just spurt a little bit of cum into your panties when you heard her pounding against the door, screaming for help, your help, as these strong, powerful men grabbed her and turned her into a bareback bred rape toy in heat?”
The thoughts of his mother begging for mercy as the men took turns violating the filthy fuck hole she had used to give birth to him made him spurt another thick load right there on the ground.

“Or maybe you were just waiting for your turn to finally do it, to finally clean the nasty, chunky semen out of the holes of that nut addicted fuck sow. You loved it, didn’t you? Sucking the salty cum out of her abused holes? Tasting the mixture of their semen and her juices on your tongue? You loved eating the cum out of your mother’s pussy, didn’t you Nathan?” She wondered as her browed relaxed once more.

“You loved laying under her as the men violated her. You could see him pump in and out of her aching, sore pussy as his heavy, juicy, cum filled balls rubbed over your face, coating it in his delicious fuck slime, didn’t you?” she giggled as she remembered what came next.

“And those cookies… those delicious cookies covered in cream… what did you think of them? Did you love to eat cookies covered in your mothers creampie juices? Did you love how salty, sweet these cum cookies tasted in your mouth? Maybe I’ll let you taste another batch soon. I’d have to find your mother first though. We turned her into a filthy little prostitute that gives even the filthiest people free rimjobs just to get a taste of their juicy cocks… maybe after I get a few homeless people to gangbang her I can let you taste another batch of those cum cookies.” She whispered; her voice as cruel as ice.

“I do wonder though; did you even care about your sister? Did you ever care about her? We used her, sold her, raped her and yet it was you that finally betrayed her, that caused her to finally break for good… How did it feel when you violated her anus with that brutally thick dildo? How did it feel when she repayed you in kind?” she pulled back, letting go of his nasty, cum covered hair, his head dropping down onto the floor.

“I destroyed you, Nathan. I destroyed your family. I turned you into something less than human. I turned you into a nasty cum dumpster that would never ever be the same.
Was it worth it Nathan? Tell me, was it worth to give them all up, give up your riches, your wealth, your family… for me?” she asked the broken being laying in front of her.

He did it… he did it all for her… to be with her… forever…
She went through all that planning, all that time with him… for him…

And finally, he understood. All of this was for her. All of this was for him. It was for them. For them to be together forever. No matter what happened, they would be together. They would never part again. Ever.

Together forever.

His prostate pulsated one more time, contracting fully as his broken dicklet released a torrent of watery, pearly jizz, the pleasure of one last mind breaking orgasm rippling throughout him, shivering bliss filling him as he came to the thought of their unbreaking love.

As he slowly descended into that dark abyss he came to that one final realization. The universal truth that he deep down always knew.
He would never, ever leave her…

2 - The Epilogue Part 2

The soft evening light was gingerly glimpsing through the heavy curtains of the room, a shy illumination that only barely managed to bring some glow into the shadowy, dusty room that Nathan was lying in.

He blinked once. Twice.

It was hard to explain the way he was feeling. There was a calm sort of turbulence in his mind, turning his mind this and that way as though the room itself was spinning round and round, a dark, empty cube reeling and rotate in the dark, deaf deepness of space.
He needed some time to collect himself; collect the thoughts that were now beginning to fill his mind.

What had happened… was it all just a dream? A nightmare he would now finally be able to wake up from?

Slowly, so as not to disturb his delicate sense of self, he pushed himself off the floor, his head reeling as though he had been knocked around only moments before.
When he looked around, it felt as though the room was staring back at him. Portraits of his ancestors long dead were staring down upon him. They were once a sort of reassuring link to his past, his heritage naturally instilling a certain pride in him since he had been a kid, but now they served as his unmoving, impenetrable judges.
He looked around the room, his confused mind still in that impenetrable, deep, dark, pink haze that had filled his head since… since when?

It was hard to remember. Hard to remember a time before Emily.

Emily…

It was as if his entire head was filled with her. She was everywhere, right there inside of him, tearing apart any other thoughts that entered his head.
He groaned as he turned to survey the room.

When he saw it, he knew it would be his only salvation. His only escape. One last live saver tossed to a man drowning in another's influence.
The heavy oaken door of his bedroom led to the hallway. Just a few steps would take him to the stairs, down to the foyer. Just another few steps and he would be free. He could leave this all behind if he wanted.
He could simply leave and call the cops on her. Make it all go away.

It was so simple….

He took a step forward. Just one single step.
He turned around. There it was. Another door that he had never noticed before, slightly ajar with a slight crack of soft, pink light pouring through it.

He blinked once. Twice.

At first he couldn't hear it. He pretended not to hear it. But it soon became impossible.
The sweet sounds of a horny piece of ass getting slam fucked mercilessly, thick, juicy cocks spreading apart the tight lips of another worthless, nasty cumslut.
Of course, he would recognize this sound anywhere. The sound of his beautiful, elegant, lovely mother getting her guts rearranged by a gang of street thugs, her whorish moans turning into grunts as their hips smashed against hers, their thick, cum filled balls slapping against her thick, fertile body as they destroyed the whole Nathan had been birthed from.
The sound of hips smacking against hips seemed to fill his mind, weighing down on him, crushing him down onto the wet, hard floor. It was impossible for him to resist; like a boot pressing down on his head, shoving him down into the bubbly, slimy trail of grimy semen.

It felt as though Emily was right there with him, pushing his head onto the floor, forcing him to lap up every single droplet of salty semen that had been carelessly spilled. There was nothing he could do but crawl towards that door, lapping and slurping up the seed of other, stronger, more potent men.
He could feel it in his mouth, sloshing around, coating his tongue with it's salty, pungent taste and smell, invading his brain and filling it up to the brim with cum. The closer he got to the door, the louder the moans became, the less conscious he seemed to be of his actions.
His head was covered in gooey, white jizz as he pulled on the door, the light blinding him for just a second as his eyes adjusted from the dank darkness to the bright airy display in front of him.

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Emily was sitting in the corner of the room, occupying the grand old chair that Nathan's grandfather had always sat in as he smoked his cigars, murmuring and muttering about the state of the world and his company.
Now it had become hers. Unlike him however, she didn't seem to quite care about the things around her, lazily tapping around on her phone, pretending to be engaged in the things on her screen, but obviously distracted as she didn't even seem to notice what was going on in front of her.

The room was bustling with action, as countless men of various body shapes and sizes were bustling around the once elegant king size bed that occupied the center of the room.
All of them were waiting for their very own turn, their thick, hard, raw cocks ready to destroy the slutty, abused holes of Nathan's mother.
One after the other they grabbed her, slapped her, choked her until she passed out, only to be beaten back to consciousness as she screamed in pleasure, incoherently begging them to punish her, to turn her into the worthless cock addicted cum dump she always was.

As each of them pulled their uncovered cocks out of her well used fuckholes, thick loads of gooey jizz began gushing out of her, pooling around her cherry red cheeks, covering and soaking the entirety of the once expensive bedsheets.

When she heard the door creak, Emily looked up. Her disinterested, absent look seemed to instantly switch to one of quiet amusement as she looked upon Nathan's cum covered face.
"Look at what the cat dragged in!" she said smugly, her phone still clasped in her hand as she stood in front of him, her arms crossed before her gorgeous breasts.

“Alright boys! Time for a little break. You all get yourselves some water, get hydrated and then you come right back. Don’t worry, it’s all on the family.” She explained, still grinning, her eyes never losing his focus.

As the men shuffled out, Emily postured herself in front of Nathan, moving carefully so as not to step into the puddle of semen that was steadily accumulating on the floor.
Slowly she leaned forward, inching closer and closer to the broken man that was kneeling in front of her, enjoying the view of Nathan’s cum covered face.
Her lips curled into a smile of venomous amusement. It almost seemed as if she had dropped the earlier mask of indifferent as soon as she saw her creation writhing there on the ground.
“Nathan, Nathan, Nathan… my cute little Nathan…” she mused. “Do you hear that Nathan? Do you hear the vibration?” she asked him knowing completely that he wouldn’t be able to understand even if he did.

“That’s my phone Nathan. Those messages I’m getting right now… they’re the last remnants of your fathers company being liquidated and given over to me. Everything he had. Everything you had… it’s all mine now. Every single cent belongs to me.” Her voice seemed as cold as ice, each word another icicle dropping down upon his head.

“Listen to them Nathan. We don’t deserve to exist. We are worthless. We are disgusting old failures… looks like my girls worked them over just as well as you. Not a single one held out… each of these disgusting old men surrendered to us. Every single asset now mine… aren’t you happy for me Nathan?” she whispered into his ear.
He couldn’t help but nod, his head slowly swaying up and down, barely registering, barely understanding that his entire family had been irreversibly ruined. He was nothing now. He was worth nothing. All he had was Emily.

“Oh looks like your mom’s friends are back Nathan!” she exclaimed enthusiastically as numerous thugs began to shuffle back into the room, surrounding them both.
“Mmh but this won’t do, don’t you agree? I mean look at your mom Nathan. Look at her. Look at how they messed up your mother’s cute little pussy. They turned the place you were birthed from into a sloppy, messy fuckhole filled with their thick babybatter spunk. That won’t do at all. A good son has to make sure his mother’s friends are well taken care of.” Her visage once again twisted into that of a seductive demoness ready to drain his wallet for every cent he once had.

“Get on the bed Nathan. Lick up every single drop of cum out of your mom’s swollen pussy.” She commanded him. He could do nothing but obey.
Slowly he heaved himself on semen stained bed, another layer of sticky baby batter coating his body as he wriggled between his mother’s thick, spread legs. Already he could smell the mixture of jizz mixed with his mother’s sweet juices.

He grabbed onto her pale, juicy thighs, his fingers digging into her skin as he moved himself closer to her gaping, cum covered fuckhole.
Inch by inch his face got closer to the heat between her legs, the stench of their nasty, gooey semen clogging up his nose with every breath he took.
He could feel his breath getting more ragged as he approached the abused hole that had once given birth to him. Slowly he puckered his lips before digging into the creamy cumfeast in front of him.

The taste of salty cum assaulted his tastebuds as his tongue began to lap up load after load of baby batter the various men had glazed all over his mother's pink pussy.
He could feel it coat his tongue as he ran it across his mother's milky, pale thighs, her delicate lips and her swollen, sensitive clit. She could only let out low moans and groans in response to her own son eating out load after load of thick jizz out of her swollen cunt.
With her outer lips cleaned of their gooey, white nut, Nathan planted his lips firmly on his mother's gaping pussy, sealing it with his mouth so not a single droplet of semen would be able to escape him.

Gently he began to suck the rest of their loads out of her hole, letting their juicy creampie loads flow into his mouth, letting them clog up his throat until his mind was clogged up by their salty sweet gift.
He simply resigned himself to gulping down as much of their seed as he could.

"Aren't you enjoying this a little bit too much, you little pervert?" Emily jeered, her arms crossed in front of her, looking down upon the incestuous sight in front of her. Her phone was still lazily hanging in her hand, beeping and vibrating every so often with more messages of the Drake Fortune's liquidation.

"Our guests are waiting. You wouldn't want to be a rude host, right? No, no, just lay right there. That way we won't need to take anymore breaks. You can just suck their cum right out of your disgusting whore mother's slutty holes after they're done." She laughed cruelly, clearly enjoying this special form of humiliation.

Nathan couldn't help himself. He simply laid there as the first man stepped up above him, grabbing his mother's body like a limp ragdoll. With a quick move he turned her over into a doggy position, her dripping pussy hovering over his face, his thick, lubed up fuckpole and heavy, sagging balls dangling right in front of him.

Again and again the men inserted themselves into his mother's gaping fuckhole, each of them depositing another creamy load of pearlescent, milky cum for him to gulp down.
Each of them stepped up in front of him, their legs kicking against his head as they pushed their thick cocks into her.

It seemed like the flow would never stop, a ceaseless amount of thick creampie loads had been fucked deep into his mother's pussy and no matter how many of them he sucked down, there didn't seem to be an end in sight. His belly became more and more bloated as another man stepped up in front of him, his glistening cock pushing its way into her hot wetness, ready to deposit another juicy, babymaking load.

Nathan was barely conscious, just sucking away at the thick blobs of semen that were dripping down into his open mouth, swallowing the salty chunks of jizz down into his bloated belly. He barely noticed Emily crouched next to him.

"Wake up Nathan… hey baby wake up… I got some good news…" she said reassuringly. As Nathan turned his head he could see a soft, warm smile adorning her lips.
"Look Nathan…" she said, showing her his phone.
"It's done…. It's finally done… every single cent that once belonged to you is now mine. You're nothing now. You were nothing before you met me, but now you're truly nothing. Every single bit of your families

wealth is mine now. Do you understand?”

Nathan could only nod weakly, having surrendered to her unwavering domination months ago.
With an *unf* his mother collapsed on top of him, the nonstop fucktrain these brutal thugs had run on her gaping pussy having taken it’s toll on her. She could only drool and beg for more cocks as she rubbed her cum covered cunt against his face.

Emily didn’t seem fazed at all.

“You are nothing. Your family is nothing. The only thing you are, the only thing you and your family will ever be from now on, is my little toys. You’ll be my cute little slave until the end, Nathan. Do you understand?”

He did. He did understand. Slowly his lips curled into a broken smile. They’d be together forever now. Him and Emily together as slave and Mistress.
Once, twice his penis twitched before it limply spurted out a disappointingly thin, watery load of his impotent seed.

The orgasm that finally ended the Drake bloodline for good.